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along, protected as ^{we} were by our umbrellas. Before long we
 came across a settlement of pickers - they were Germans -
 and we recognized them as the same that had occupied the
 place last year. We learned that there were 13 families
 occupying this two-roomed two-storied building. When ex-
 pressing surprise that so many men and women should occupy such
 close quarters our spokesman said "Oh, we don't take
 up much room - the men & women sleep so much closer
 together and there is plenty of room". We learned also that
 each person is charged 5¢ a week rent. No work could
 be done on the field to-day as the women were busy wash-
 ing their clothes. Several times during the day we saw
 lines of clothes hanging out in the rain to dry. At Males
 bridge we found *Peltandra* in flower. Looking up the
 stream we saw the *Nymphaea odorata* and thought of last
 year when we went off the there in a boat. Returning we
 called on Mrs. R. we found her out ^{near} the wood-shed.
 splitting wood. Think of an old woman ^{with two strong able-bodied sons} splitting wood!
 We asked her why she was splitting ^{the} wood & why her sons did
 not do it for her. "Oh," she said "he has too much ^{to} do on

the farm, I saw the wood & split it too." Mr. W. felt so sorry for the old woman, he offered to split some for her and was splitting some when her son came up. We asked now for the use of the row-boat which was ^{readily} ~~soon~~ granted. On the place Calamus was growing in profusion. The boat was soon put in condition. Mr. W. decided to row and I was to hold the umbrellas. My plant-press gave him a fairly dry seat, and several layers of newspaper made one for me. Everything went nicely, and with the exception of Mr. W.'s knees, and the paper getting gradually soaked under me, we kept fairly dry. It was quite novel to us travelling thus in the rain. The beautiful *Iris versicolor* lined the shore, here and there also large masses of *Oenothera riparia*. We soon reached the water-lilies, how pretty they were! We had thought that they only opened in the bright sunshine, yet here they were fully open. Before long we had as many of them as we wanted. We then went to the shore to get a few of the *Iris*. After collecting our flowers, we contemplated for some time the pretty sheet of water. How nice it was sitting in the boat looking at the rain pattering into the water, watching the

innumerable ripples, spreading one into the other and destroying ^{one in} ~~each~~ other. How long the air bubbles, shining like masses of crystal, remained floating on the water! Returning Mr. W. thought he would try another method with his umbrella; he thought if he would tie it to him, it would move with him as he rowed and he would keep dryer. This was soon done - one end tied firmly ~~with~~ ^{round} string around his ^{waist} ~~waist~~ and again ^{one} around his neck. The plan worked finely.

Reaching the shore, we put ~~the~~ boat away, then went to the house, where we prepared coffee. How glad we were that we had our own coffee-pot and our own cups to drink out of, for here everything was in disorder and dirty. What a cum of dirt was around the top of that large kettle in which water was boiling! And when the dog came in and threw a crust of bread on the floor and began eating it, it was taken from him and put back again with the other bread. Yet the old lady is very nice and is working all the time. She is very much prejudiced against this country and everything American, nothing here is as good as it is in Germany. After drinking our coffee, in which we

were joined by the old lady we started for home. It rained continuously the entire day and, ^{although we were still quite dry} by the time we reached home we were drenched to the chin. Reached home about 9 P.M.

June 17. 1900. Rain all night and all day till 5 P.M.

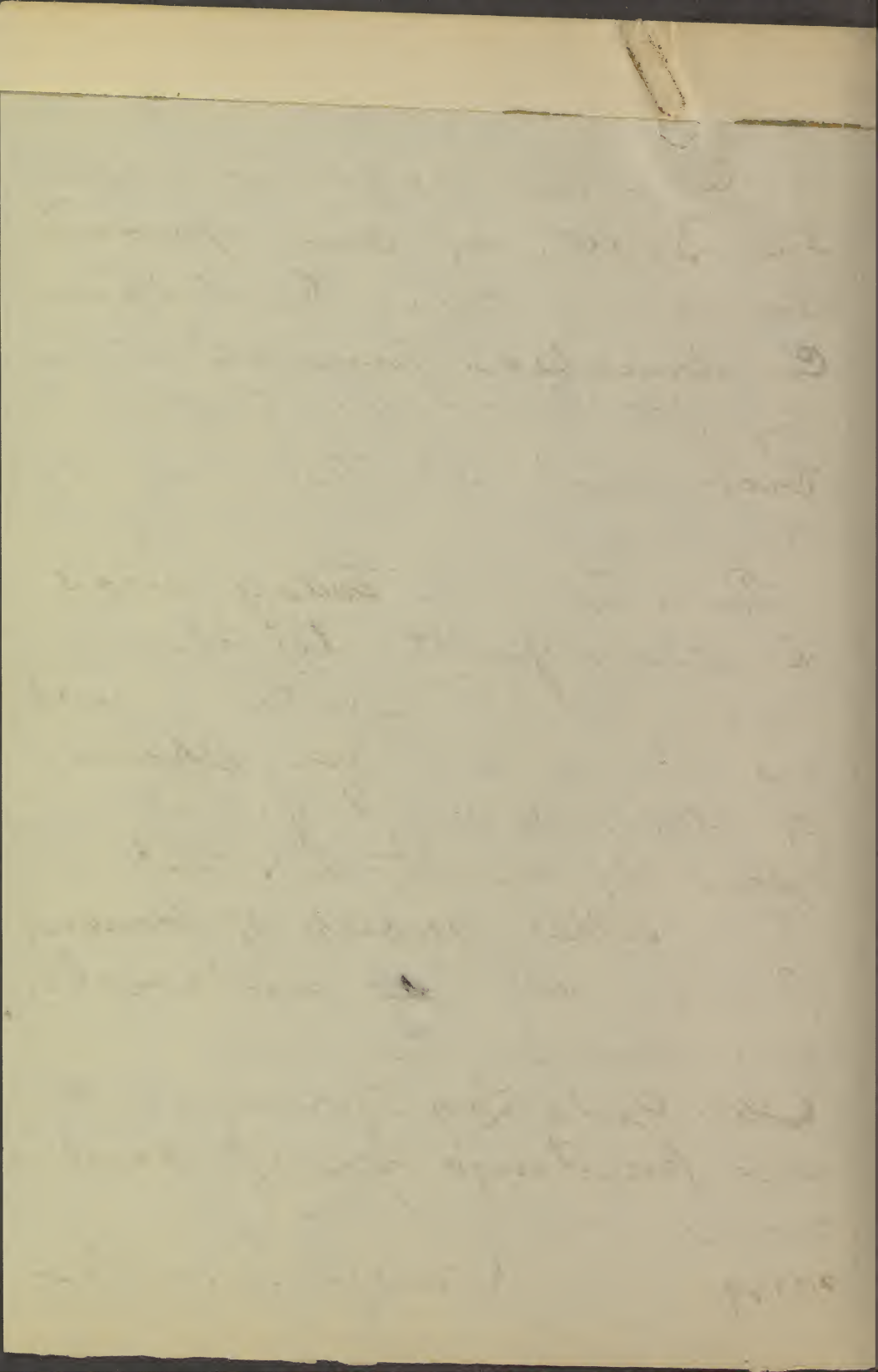
June 19. 1900. To Canton ballast lot. *Oenothera* repens was found in full bloom. The plants are thriving and have increased in number. *Coronilla varia* which had occupied several large areas is now restricted to one. It, too, was found in flower and is in healthy condition. *Cyperus foenus* was again found just beginning to flower. Three different thistles, two as yet unknown, were also found. Down near the pier a new crucifera was found - *Sisymbrium Sophia*. Men were seen cutting down the plants near the tracks, this they do each year as the plants grow up and prevent a sight along the tracks. A thunderstorm was now coming up so hurried for the car, but before reaching it, rain began to fall. It was but a small shower lasting about 15 minutes. Reached home about 6 o'clock.

June 20. 1900. 2.30 P.M. To Catonsville with Mrs. W. We left the car at Hilton Av. and proceeded down the avenue to the end of the stone wall. The plants on our left were scan-

ned carefully with the hope of finding *Privetum angustifolium*.
 Although seen but a week or two ago I could not ^{find} see it to-day.
 Our idea in going down the avenue was mainly to cut through
 Glenn's woods and again see the pretty *Lilium Philadelphicum*
 which was first found last year. Before reaching the end of the
 stone wall we entered a path, but soon returned, seeing at once
 that it was not the path we wanted. At the end of the
 stone wall we found the right path and walking in a short
 distance we found the lilies. But 3 plants were found where
 last year ^{were} more than a dozen. We marked the spot, then again
 followed the path, this time very closely for we wished to
 learn where it terminated. On former occasions we invari-
 ably lost the trail. We soon came to a fallen tree. As
 we crossed it, we stopped a moment to rest on its pro-
 strate trunk. What a delightful resting-place it proved to
 be! Here we were in such a beautiful nook, surrounded
 on all sides by nature's handiwork, man no-where
 had interfered. We longed to remain longer, but contented
 ourselves by saying that we must not forget this charm-
 ing place and pay it a visit again in the near future.

On our left a pretty little ravine was now noticed and our path was leading along its crest. Our ^{charming} pretty resting-place was still in sight when, looking to our right, the pretty, beautiful *Lilium Philadelphicum* was seen in all its glory. More plants were seen than we could readily count. How grandly they stood holding their heads on high! How I wished that I had my plant-press, but fortunately we each had plenty of paper. Folding this in two good folds, a plant was placed between them & then by means of twigs and another sheet of stiff paper which was firmly wrapped around - a temporary press was made. Looking among the lilies, I saw quite a number, of a pretty little plant ^(which was) (to me) as yet unknown,* which I found afterwards to be *Pyrola secunda*. Here too, green *Aristolochia* *Serpentaria*, but unfortunately none was in flower. We now again followed our path which was leading us through a beautiful little ravine, sometimes along the hillside, sometimes low down, some times along a precipice, where the brook could be seen many feet below. Several times our path was interrupted by the prostrate trunks of fallen trees. On one of these occasions we descended somewhat lower and were crossing a somewhat

rugged piece of ground, when Mr. W. who was leading,
 called out - "Look, what a large rabbit", "No", he said,
 "it is a young fox", for he had seen its large bushy tail.
 By the time I had reached his side, it had disappeared.
 Our path led lower & lower into the ravine now and before
 long we crossed the brook. Landmarks, now familiar to us,
 were now seen and we recognized the spot as visited on
 former occasions when coming from the Rocks. We soon
 reached the ravine, crossed the brook and found ourselves
 at Candle Camp. Our trip was now through the ravine.
 Before starting out we had provided ourselves with a stout
 piece of iron to be used as a crow-bar to enlarge the
 basin of our spring, in fact, this was a portion of the program
 of our trip. So we hurried quite rapidly, stopped only a
 moment at Camp Cozy and in a short time were at the
 spring. Here, we were soon at work, and in the course of
 half an hour had hollowed out a nice basin in the rocky soil.
 We now got rock, which we laid around, preventing the soil from
 being washed in. When finished our spring had a very pretty ap-
 pearance. It was now nearly 7 o'clock, and we decided instead
 of the birth of our favorite "OWL SPRING" *La Sylvestre*



Feb. 23rd 1929.

On this page is recorded
the Birth of our favorite
Camping Site, "Owl Spring"
Constructed June 20th 1900.
By Dr. Plitt & Mr. Weber
but not at that time
named.

This Spring today was
sending forth its clear
cool, sweet water, just
as it was in Spring
of 1919 when I first
saw it, with Dr. Plitt &
his little group of tramping
friends, all so interesting
and congenial.

Our Yule Log Burnings &
all meetings here I shall
never forget.

2/23/29

Chas. A. Tyrrell

of going through the ravine, to go through the woods in the direction of Hilton Av. This we did coming to the large open field, we had ^{already} seen it many times on former occasions. Crossing the field we ~~left it~~ reached the gate which opens into the path leading to Hilton Av. We reached the car about 8 o'clock. The day was a most beautiful one and our trip from beginning to end one of the most enjoyable ones of the season.

^{122.} June 22, 1900. To Roland Park and Lakeside. Reaching Roland Park I went to the rear of the car barn and followed the path which leads past the spring. On this path a short distance beyond the spring, in quite an open space I found one plant of *Archie spines* but to-day I was so interested in looking up the *Vincetoxicum nigrum* that I did not once think of the *Archie*. *Vincetoxicum* is found beyond the open space, ~~near~~ in fact, immediately after passing the open space. Quite a lot of it may be found on either side of the path, and in a number of places in the near vicinity. *Rubus occidentalis* is now found in fruit. My first specimens of good ripe fruit were gotten on the 16th, but since then the number of fine ripe berries found have steadily increased, so that now we frequently find plants ^{almost} entirely covered with the luscious fruit.

Following the path, I, as on former occasions, finally reached Roland Ave. I now followed the car line to Lakeside. Here I was met by my wife & Percy.

²³ June 23, 1900. A very sultry warm day. We met at Ellsworth City at 8 o'clock. We then walked up to Oella, where we were directed - how to reach the mill race. Our path led us through a culvert, leading under the race. We were (now) soon on the race path, and ~~some~~ no better path could be found for a stroll on such a day, Mulberry trees, now laden with fruit were frequently passed. I took specimens of both the white and black, comparing the leaves, noting the differences. I had finally drawn my conclusions; the white variety having smooth & shining leaves, much smaller, as a rule, than the black, and somewhat obliquely heart-shaped; the black having quite large rough leaves, heart-shaped and rather long-pointed; when I found a specimen which, although the leaves would easily determine it as being the white variety yet had the fruit black - although shaped like the white variety's. There is quite a difference in the size & shape of the two fruits, and this plant although having black fruit, still had

it shaped like the white. Might this not prove a cross
 between the two varieties? I should have marked the tree for
 further study, but unfortunately did not feel the importance
 of this at the time. Our heavy rain of Sat. & Sun. June
 23 & 24 had caused a break in the race and had also ^{undermined} ~~cracked~~
 the newly completed wall causing it to cave its border washing
 down a large part of the bank. Men were therefore busy again
 patching these places. While on our way we were passed by
 the race-walker; he was on his way to the gate house to ^{shut} close
 off part of the water. Soon we noticed ^{why} his urgent hurry for in
 one, somewhat worn down portion of the path, the water was flowing
 over from the race. The race is $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles long and he is obliged
 to make this trip at least 3 times each day, but sometimes like
 at present, he may be obliged to go up 4 or 5 times. Besides this
 work he is employed as a general workman about the factory. The
 factory, race, the entire town of Oella besides more than a thousand
 acres of land bordering on the race belong to Mr. Dickey. It is said
 that he bought this entire property for \$125000 - a sum which would
 not pay for the race alone, which is the finest in the state. The
 race is a most valuable one. The entire work of the factory is

run entirely by water power - not a pound of coal being required to run any of the machinery. We very soon reached the dam. Here on the outside of the dam we saw the large pipe of the Catonsville Water Works. Placed on the outside getting only what water happens to flow over or through the dam, Mr. Dickey not allowing them to place their pipe inside of the dam. The portion of country around the dam is quite charming. Paths lead in several directions, one along the falls leading to the Water Works. While on this path we were met by the chief engineer. He was so pleased to see ^{us} (he said, "It is so seldom we meet any body out here") that he cheerfully invited us up to the "Works" and "he would show us about." He told us too, that his boat was at our disposal, we might use it as long as we wished. The dam here backs the water to a distance of one mile, we could row therefore up the stream this distance. So we walked up to the Pumping-house with him and saw the powerful pump. Along side of the house was the reservoir, into which the water was pumped and again from which it is forced on its way to Catonsville. Two small brooks are also allowed to empty

into this reservoir. We examined the water and found it very clear, in fact, the engineer told us that the quality of the water is much better ^{than} that from the Kumpander which supplies the city of Balto. We now borrowed the boat, rowed across the stream to examine the *Impatiens pallida*, found none in bloom however, then took a short trip up the stream. It was too warm to enjoy the boat trip so did not go up the stream very far. We returned the boat, then started homeward, through the woody side of the race. We found a nice cold spring near the dam, close to it we stopped to eat our dinner. All this month have I been looking carefully at *Aristolochia* plants, hoping to find them in flower, only to be disappointed each time. To-day, at last have I learned the cause of my failures. *A. ^{clenatioides} emarginata*, a bell-shaped plant which I had learned to know very well, having its flowers axillary, had led me to expect finding *A. serpentaria* also with its flowers so placed. What was my surprise and delight therefore, when pulling up one of the plants for pressing to find the flower close to root and therefore lying closely to the ground. Search now was rewarded each time, for down on the ground, resembling the soil so closely as to escape detection, besides frequently hidden

by a dried leaf, the flower was found. Our search for the yellow lady-slipper was rewarded by the finding of one plant, now of course going to seed. Finishing our dinner we determined to continue on through the woods. Before long this proved very tiresome, the paths not being well defined, the woods very rocky and the atmosphere very sultry. In two places, however, we were greeted by the pretty wood lily, *Lilium Philadelphicum*: this, besides the finding of a new thistle, ^{elevated} ^{up} buoyed our spirits considerably. We were glad, however, when we reached the first temporary bridge, which we crossed and then continued our trip along the race path. We continued along this path until in the mill; it had brought us to ^{the} large gate and in a moment more we were out on the road. We now took a road leading nearly directly to Catonsville. We reached it about 7 o'clock. It was rather early, yet too late for ~~any~~ ^{the} extensive trip into the ravine which we had contemplated.

¹²⁴
June 25, 1900. A short trip to Claremont. The weather for ^{we have again} more than a week has been very sultry. To-day is only a repetition of this same kind of weather. The showers that we

have, instead of cooling are only followed by a more sultry state of the atmosphere, so that we hear everywhere complaints of the "awful" heat. I must say that it is far wiser and more enjoyable to find some cool shady nook in the woods and there lounge rather than take ~~the~~ a trip like this on such a day. Not-with-standing, I think the greater portion of dissatisfaction with the weather, lies in the individual. The weather, I always try to make a secondary consideration, and I find the more I am able to do this by being wholly interested in my trip, the less I notice the weather at all. My trip to-day was to see if *Asclepias* *sp.*, a patch of which grows close to Belmont, ~~was~~ in flower. To get there, I was obliged to go along ^{a long} stretch of railroad tracks. A trip of this kind is generally fruitful - the railroad is a great discriminator - and many a plant, whose true home may be hundreds of miles away, will frequently be found growing along the railroads. Here, we are sure to get specimens of the various cereals. To-day, I found *Lycopodium officinale*, a plant although native here, is always found in rich meadow land, yet here it was growing in cinders and apparently flourishing. I soon reached the spot where

the *Aralia* grows; it was not in flower, nor was there any sign of either fruit or bud. My trip homeward, was also along the tracks, first towards Mt. Winans then along the main stem.

¹²⁶
June 27. 1900. Another sultry day. This time to Curtis Bay. Spent a little time on the path leading to the narrow boating club. *Gerardia flava* was found in full bloom. Here there is no withering of the corolla - the flower looks as if only opened, yet its work has been accomplished and is pushed from the calyx as if some unseen hand were doing it. Reaching the road leading to the new bridge I went up to Church St and then along it to the Annapolis Rd. In the little wood towards the west a path may be found ^{close to the road} running parallel with the ^{it} road, this I took. I was quite near the spot where *Pyrola rotundifolia* grows, so determined to visit it. The path, I was on, when close to the ^{end} edge of the wood is crossed by ^{another} path running at right angle to it, ~~also~~ close to the edge of the wood on that side. This path finally cuts into the field. Quite close to this part of the path the *Pyrola* is found. It was in full bloom and a most beautiful sight it presented. *Chimaphila maculata*

was also found scattered here and there. Crossing the field, I cut into the woods, following the path, finally coming ^{to} the road leading along the river. I, however, crossed the road & took the path finally coming out at the ~~Mac Donald~~ ^{Cromwell} estate. I ^{now} even reached the car and in 15 minutes more was home.

¹²⁶
June 30, 1900. For a week the weather has been warm and sultry. During the night, there was a decided change, so that to-day it is very pleasant, the temperature is lower and a nice breeze is blowing. I left home at 7 A.M., took the car to Brooklyn and then walked out the road to Furnace Br. The morning was cloudy and delightfully cool, birds were singing and the trip was enjoyed. One little bird particularly attracted my attention; it was about as large as the Eng. sparrow, it had a pretty yellow throat with a black head. Could it have been the Md. Yellow Throat? I continued out the road a short distance after reaching the branch and took the first path leading toward the right to Saw Mill Pond. The pond was somewhat lower than when here the last of May. The water-lilies, which were several feet from the shore, were to-day within easy reach. Mr. W. who was working in his field, said

it was so low on account of the wind. Seeing that he
 had reclaimed quite a large marshy area, I spoke to him
 about it; he, however, misunderstood me, for he answered,
 "Yes, me and my sons cut all these woods down", he then
 told me how nice it was now to walk along the pond, whereas
 as formerly the trees stood close to the edge. He little
 thought that to me it was only then that it was beautiful &
 that now the attractions were fast disappearing. He told me
 how when he first came, they all got sick and that he
 knew it was on acct of that damp, "raw" air from out the
 woods that caused it. So he said to his sons, "Go get
 help and cut the woods down and put fire to it, then we
 got well". There has been a marked change even within
 the last 5 yrs. The atmosphere is no longer damp and heavy
 as it was then, but also, it is no longer the haunt for
 fumes as then. Large areas of the woods have been cut
 down, the pretty path along the edge of the pond nicely
 shaded by the trees is now almost entirely ruined, and the
 pond considerably reduced in size. The fire, which had been
 so widespread, burning out all the brush, killing many trees

missing for ever thousands of our ^{more} delicate plants, leaving in
 their stead a scene of desolation, caused in Mr. W's ^{heart} ~~eyes~~
 no feelings of regret. "If the whole down-^{wood} had burnt
 down, so that no houses would it have burnt, it would have
 been a good thing" was his view. This view, too, is the view of
 all men of his kind - to them a beautiful wood is an eye-
 sore. I kept along the edge of the pond and succeeded in
 finding *Viola lanceolata* and *V. pinnatifolia* in fruit. ^{These plants resemble} Both are
 remarkably similar in habit, both grow in similar wet situations,
 their flowers & fruit are alike, their method of reproducing by
 long runners is also ^{alike} similar. Leaving the pond, I took the
 path through H's place. When at the hut, I paid a visit to
 the swamp in the rear. ^{among the water-lilies} Here the bladderwort was found in
 flower, not abundantly, but there were a few more than were
 found last year. The water-lilies were a beautiful sight. Here
 there is not much water and in places the flower was borne
 on a stalk several inches above the moist ground. The
 flowers are easily gotten and while collecting them I noticed
 in several of them a peculiar 2 winged insect collecting making
^{fruitful} unsuccessful efforts, after ripping some of the delicious nectar

found at the base of the stamens and entirely covering the stigma to escape. The stamens in those flowers, containing this matter are ^{or curved} arched ^{over the stigma} somewhat, the insect, therefore has a hard time to get out. It was now nearly 12 o'clock so I left the swamp and in a little while was at our old camp near the branch where I ate my lunch. In the afternoon I went to Marley bridge, stopped a moment at the Polish fisher's settlement, then started for the Old Furnace. When quite near that part of the road, which is crossed by the little inlet, I was met by several colored people, one ~~old colored~~ woman was being helped along by two of the men. She had slipped while crossing the stream, and had probably sprained her ankle. She cried and acted so peculiarly, that I felt inclined to think she was partly intoxicated. They had stopped to tell me all ^{about the accident} this, adding that the place ought to be fixed and that last week a white woman too, had hurt herself. The emphasis and manner of expressing the "white lady" portion of the sentence showing that they think and feel that the white people are better or more important than the black. Yet there is constant cry that they are all alike, that one is as important as the other; how

will this ever be thought when the black himself thinks himself less? Although delightfully cool & pleasant at the Old Furnace, I did not remain very long, but started for home, reaching it about 6.15 P.M. While going through the woods near the inlet, I heard a crash behind me, looking around I saw that a dead branch had fallen from a tree, into the path. The day was noted for the finding of so many berries - huckleberries, blackberries, raspberries.

²⁷
July 2. 1900. 4 P.M. To the ravine at Catonsville, to visit our new spring. We reached the spring at about 5.30 P.M. We found it in most excellent condition. Here we ate a light lunch and remained till about 7.30 P.M. We then proceeded towards the large field and then to Hilton Av. We were in no particular hurry for we intended staying later than usual to see the stars. Mr. W. had brought with him his opera glasses and had also provided himself with an electric light. The little incandescent lamp of 2 candle-power is attached to the end of a cylindrical box about 9 in. long 2 in. in diam. which contains the battery; it is said to burn 30 hours on a stretch. A wire hood fits over the lamp so as to flash the light in one direction. We had brought the

light with us so as to read and follow closely a newspaper article about the stars. The lamp worked admirably, when we wished to read all that was needed was to press the little push button. Light enough was given and remained lit as long as the button was pressed; when we wanted to look at the stars our little lamp was put out. We observed the stars till after 9 o'clock. We now started for the cave. Experiment showed that the lamp could be used to excellent advantage in finding one's way through the woods. The light could be flashed right ahead and being covered by the hand there was no glare in one's eyes. We arrived home about 10.30 P. M.

¹²⁸
July 3. 1900. To Rehoboth. This trip is by steamer from Balto. to Lunenburg and then by rail to Rehoboth; two and a half hours are spent on the water and two and a half on the train. We left Balto. at 7. A. M. and reached the beach about 12 o'clock. The morning was partly cloudy with the wind from the south, aboard the boat it was so breezy in the bow that we were obliged to find a more protected place in the stern. On the cars too we were not treated to such a delightful breeze. The trip became somewhat tiresome towards the

end. Many places were passed which surely would afford excellent haunts for the botanist. A most beautiful view of Delaware Bay is afforded one at Lewes. It is said that the Breakwater can be seen here from the cars, I, however, failed to see it.

Reaching R. we proceeded to the Town and where friends were stopping they, however, were on the beach, so we went at once there.

The ocean was very rough and huge breakers kept rolling in; the water did not have the deep indigo-blue color that made it look so beautiful when I last saw it at Ocean City. There were but few bathers in the water, and they soon found it more pleasant on the beach. We met our friends and here we remained for a little while to eat our lunch. After dinner I took a little tramp alone. Northward from Rehoboth, Cape Henlopen light-house can be seen. About half-way to the light, high and dry on the beach is a large wreck. I proceeded in that direction and learned that the ship—a large schooner (3 masted) was blown on the shore about 8 months ago, (some-one said in Sept. 1899.) It was the Palmouth of Portland. Men were busy trying to raise the vessel on strops, they hoped to slide her off then into the ocean. Thousands of dollars have already been spent trying to get the boat off

Notwithstanding her position and long stay on the beach, she appears to be still in good condition. No plants could be found growing within 60 feet of the ocean; but about at this distance, where the ocean seems to have reached its limit of wearing down the banks, although continually struggling against the drifting sands a number of plants may be found. Chief among those noticed to-day, were: - *Cakile Americana*, *Oenothera linnifera* and *Salicella Kali*, the last one, was not found in flower but the others were (in flower) and some (specimens) ^{were} already in fruit. From the wreck I went more inland. Large areas were now found covered with *Scirpus pungens* and *Spartina juncea*. Several scrub oaks and pines closely hugging the ground were observed in these areas. As I got farther from the shore plants became more & more profuse. I came across several large patches of a low shrubby plant. It had a tomentose appearance, the leaves were awl-shaped closely appressed ^{to} against the stem and if it had had no flowers, one might think it a close relative to one of the cedars. It, however, was densely covered with the remains of its blossoms, after a little trying work, due to the absence of the petals, I determined the plant to

the *Hudsonia tomentosa*. I had now come to what probably was
 the bottom of a dried out pond or possibly it could ^{have} been the limit
 of the seeping into the soil of the water from a large pond I saw
 some distance away. At any rate here grew *Drosera rotundifolia*
 in profusion, although the ground was only slightly damp. I now
 went in the direction of the pond and found in several places
 the ground very moist. In these moist places I found *Vac-*
cinium macrocarpum (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*), *Cranberry* in profusion;
Senecio tomentosus in profusion, but only one plant in flower,
Geraniola aurea quite plentiful and what pleased me most of
 all ~~Oxyc~~ *Pogonia ophioglossoides*. I began counting these pretty
 blooms but soon stopped, they were seen everywhere and the
^{nearby} closer I got to the pond the more profuse they became. A
 plant which particularly attracted my attention was *Baptisia tristis*
 with its thick fleshy leaves. This might be said is the peculiar-
 ity of all plants growing along sandy sea-shores. It is one of the
 means of their existence. But why should not this form have been
 granted the title of being a variety? Time was limited, but as
 I wished to examine the land to the south of the city, I
 hastened to Rehoboth and proceeded in that direction. A large

pond was seen a short distance away. I proceeded towards it. Quite close to the pond I found a number of specimens of *Polygonum maritimum*. Of course, both sections were very similar in their flora, and a great deal more time could have been spent very profitably than ^{was allowed in} the few short hours at my disposal. It was now half past four and I had to hasten back to R. Among our common weeds the following ^{particularly} were noticed: *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, *Rehderia multiflorum*, *Aeschylus tuberosa*, *Rubus Canadensis*, *Mollis verticillata*, *Rumex acetosella*, *Cenchrus tribuloides*, *Eriogonum strigosum*, *Plantago lanceolata*.

The train left R. at 5.30 P.M. arriving at Lunenburg about 8 P.M.; the steamer left at 8 P.M. & arrived in Belton at 10.30 P.M.

¹²⁹ July 7, 1900. Our little change of delightful cooler weather lasted but three days; beginning with Tuesday we have been having another spell of hot weather. To-day it was very warm, still, by arranging my trip so as to have the breeze in my face I had quite a pleasant tramp. Mr. W. did not go along. I proposed to-day to see if the plant observed near James' on the Catonsville Rd would be in flower and then to go towards Glenmontney to see *Isanobolus obliquus*. I took the car to Ca-

townville (and) got out at Inghide Av. and went south, thus reaching Batonville Av. I soon reached James's large estate here immediately beyond the beautiful Arbor vitae hedge. I found the plant, this time in flower. As soon as I saw the flower I recognized it to be a *Euphorbia*. The plant is quite beautiful, from 18 to 24 inches high, with beautiful dark green, rather fleshy, ^{linear} serrate and slightly petiolate, opposite leaves having a rather light, almost white midrib. Each pair of leaves is at right angles to the pair immediately below, this arrangement makes them appear as if in four rows. I took 3 or 4 specimens. The plant was determined to be *Euphorbia Katharin*. Wood says it is called mole tree from its supposed efficacy in driving away this animal. Along the sides of the road grow a great many cherry trees. To-day, no special effort was necessary to find these trees, each one having written its trade-mark very clearly at its foot, where a great lot of the ripened and now decaying fruit would be found. There was still much fruit on the upper boughs, all of which no doubt goes to waste. The fruit of all these trees is of a very dark brown almost black color. They are of a very pleasant flavor, although there are

slight differences in individual trees. From Catonsville Av. I turned into the road leading to Anson. ^{Canna Rd} Growing on Mr. P. Smith's place, close to the road, I found my second find of the day. The plant was noticed on former occasions but not being in flower I could not determine it. To-day, it was in flower and I ran at once that I had another spruce to deal with. The plant grew on an average 12 in. high and covered the ground in large patches; the stems were covered with long linear leaves so closely arranged that they appeared verticillate. I determined it to be *Euphorbia Cyparissias* - the Cypress Spruce, a very good name for the plant looks as if it were made up of so many pieces of Cypress Vine. From Smith's, I crossed to Glenatney, went under the culvert and proceeded a short distance towards Anson, here grows *Sonchus oleraceus* quite a pretty milkweed with pinkish fruit. It has large opposite heart-shaped leaves. The flowers are in clusters, dark purple and have a sweet odor. The plant is found in several stations along this road. After collecting a few specimens, I proceeded towards Orange Grove following the road. Immediately beyond the culvert at the Vineyard on the left side of the road

I marked several white mulberry trees for future observation. From Orange Grove I crossed ^{ed} the river to stop at the Cascade. Here near our spring I ate lunch. While eating I heard voices, I surmised that it was boys at the pool. This proved true for after eating I walked up there and found 2 boys bathing. From the Cascade I walked up to Elcheater. I was anxious to get a few fruiting violas. At the Cascade I had managed to get two specimens of *Viola blanda* and now here on this road about half way to Elcheater I find another of the same species. I have ^{now} not fruiting specimens of all our white varieties, but none of the blue or yellow. Can it be because I am too late or is it because they do not fruit readily, a habit which I think they all possess more or less, *V. puberula* depending almost entirely on chrysanthemum flowers for the production of seed. When close to the spring near Elcheater, at the spot now well known to me for its numbers of *Ochris spectabilis*, I ascended the hillside, for here too grew *V. scabrinula* (*V. puberula*). I failed to find the violas, even after close search, other plants have grown up to such an extent, but what was my surprise while thus looking about

to see the long neck of a turkey gradually peep up out of the rank growth. Soon her entire body was seen, when she walked sedately and gracefully away and in a few moments had disappeared in the surrounding brush. I walked up to where she had appeared, and there found a crude nest, right on the ground, slightly hollowed out, built as if of whatever brush was found lying on the spot and hollowed out on acct of the weight of the bird. In it were 8 eggs, fully three times as large as the ordinary chicken egg and speckled with brown spots. I now soon reached Dehuter. Having come so often from the ravine to Dehuter, I thought I would to-day reverse the trip. I climbed the steep hillside at the bridge. Reaching the summit I came to a broad path, this I followed to the flat-topped rock overlooking the Patapasco. When the path branched I took that one ^{branch} leading towards our ravine. It, however, led me to a small square field. I crossed the field hoping to find a path leading from it towards the ravine. I found what appeared to be an overgrown path, I followed it for some distance when I found myself in an almost impenetrable thicket of ^{young} brier, Judas trees, bramble and various shrubs.

I would move in one direction until I would find my way blocked when I would wake myself out again, walk in a slightly different direction until again blocked. Under such conditions, it did not take long and I had not the slightest idea where I was. Not a path could be found, no familiar object was in sight. Taking in the situation, I saw plainly, that to find my way out I would have to proceed in one direction. The sun was in the west so I walked as nearly as possible in a north-east direction - thus expecting to cross ^{our} the ravine. I was now in a small ravine, ^{high} a hill-side in front of me, I thought it ~~was the hill~~ that when I would reach the top I would be overlooking our ravine. I reached the top but the familiar path to the Observatory was not to be seen, I was overlooking a ravine but it was not ours. I kept on in the same direction down the hillside across the ravine and up again to the top of another. Here at last I saw familiar objects the path to the Observatory, the various wood piles and down below our old ravine. It did not take me long now to find my way to our hut and from there to our new spring. After a brief rest, I hurried onward through the ravine passed the

pump-house and finally reached the car terminus. It was 5 P.M. and I reached home at 6 o'clock.

³⁰ July 10. 1900. An afternoon's outing at Gwynn Oak with N. and the children. We took a short walk along the left bank of the stream. On this side of the stream grow immense quantities of Lizard-Tail, *Saururus cernuus*. How delicately fragrant are these pretty flowers! Close to the stream but to the left of our path we saw the pretty *Lilium Canadense* in several places. *Ludwigia alternifolia* and *Cephalanthus occidentalis* were also found in flower. The *Cephalanthus* or Button-bush has also a faint odor. We staid till 8 P.M. Going home I noticed the close approach of the moon to the planet Saturn, it seemed most possible that an occultation would take place. For two hours I kept watch and saw how the moon gradually crept closer ^{and} closer towards the planet and how the light of the planet grew less & less bright. Still Saturn is so brilliant that even when right on the edge of the moon it still could be seen. Occultation took place a few minutes before 11 P.M. The phenomenon was most beautiful

a perfectly cloudless sky and the moon about on the meridian.

¹³¹ July 11, 1900. To Loch Raven. On Sunday we had a delightful change in the weather, it came late in the evening. Monday it was quite cool; Tuesday, it was much warmer, but still very agreeable; to-day, it is again warm. I left home about 7 A.M. reached Pomon at 8.15 A.M. When quite near to Loch Raven I was met by Mr. Balow of "3-mile Hill" between Balto. & Pomon on York Rd. He is a very stout man and took up most of the seat in his narrow wagon, but he asked me to jump in. There was nothing much along the road so I jumped in. I told him I was collecting plants, so he told me he knew a lady who goes around with a satchel and collects "stones". He had met her once with her satchel and when he saw the different stones that she had he told her to call some time to see him and see the different stones he had. He had collected different kinds of pebbles and one time while in the river (James River) close to shore he had found a stone about 6 in. long, shaped exactly like a baby. He ^{had} shown this stone to his family

physician and he had said it was a petrified baby. He showed this stone best of all to the young lady, and she wanted it by all means, but he would not part with it. I told him about some fossil oysters I had seen and that got him to tell me the following. He said that an experiment had been tried of transplanting some Caroline oysters which are very large to the James River. The oysters there are small but of good flavor. He said the Caroline oyster which grows in clusters and is very large here separated (?) and (no doubt the offspring) became smaller. We were now at Lock Raven, I bade him good-bye and proceeded along the Lock. Here they were scouring out the lake bottom. A large machine somewhat similar to a dredging machine, but instead of raising the mud and putting it on shore the apparatus was arranged in this fashion. Under the surface of the water, revolving very rapidly was a wheel, cutting and churning the mud. Here, too was attached a large pipe, through which suction forced the churned and cutted up mud. A long line of pipe carried this mud over the dam. Here the thick muddy fluid flowed out.

The wheel & pipe ~~were~~^{were} attached to the front part of the machine & could be lowered to any depth required. The machine was fastened on each side and in the stern. The two side ropes were each sufficiently long to allow it the to swing first in one direction till ^{one} the line was taut then to the other. This swinging to and from in a small arc would be kept up till all the mud was scooped out, the machine would then be moved forward a short distance and the scouring continued.

They have been working already a month, but the undertaking is such a great one that the end of the work will be far into the future. When I reached the second bridge I entered the ravine, here, close to edge of the brook and not far from the bridge *Polygala crinita* was found. I spent a few hours in the ravine finding *Hydrangea arborescens* quite frequently with the radiant flowers, whenever found however, the other flowers were not at all conspicuous. Six *terrestris* were seen, two of them close together under leaves on the cool earth. Found to-day also *Asclepias verticillata*.

Left the Loch at 1.30 P.M. so as to reach home at 4 P.M.

July 14. 1900. Repeated the trip of June 30, and again alone.

The morning was delightfully pleasant. It grew warmer during the course of the day, but not excessively so, the fresh breeze making the temperature quite agreeable. In the woods, along its paths and in its glades it was very pleasant. The only disagreeable part of the trip was the walk along the road with its two or more inches of dust, still this was made bearable by the observance of the various plants along the road side. The dwarf sumach, *Rhus copallina*, is now coming into flower. Of our sumaches, the poison oak, *R. toxicodendron* is the first to come into flower and close upon it *R. venenata* the poison sumach. Nearly a month later comes the staghorn sumach, *R. typhina* and close upon it *R. glabra* the smooth sumach; and now, when all the others are done blooming *R. copallina*. *R. cotinoides*, the smoke-tree is in bloom about the time of *R. glabra*. Another thing noticed is the predominance of *Melicotus alba* only an occasional *M. officinalis* being now found. *M. officinalis* comes in flower first and during the latter part of May the roadsides are yellow with its mass of yellow flowers. During the first part of June *M. alba* comes into

bloom. Alba even predominates and by the end of June
 officinalis is only rarely seen. A plant which is ^{now} very
 common along the roadides is *Lactuca scariola*, readily
 noticed on account of its leaves, which are ^{twisted} attached in a
 rigid vertical position. But although *L. scariola* possesses
 this peculiarity to such a marked degree, I noticed that
L. Canadensis and *L. integrifolia* possess it also to a slight
 degree. *Solanum Carolinense*, also attracted my attention,
S. nigrum and it, seem to be rivals as to which can pro-
 duce the more holes in its leaves. It is almost an impossi-
 bility to find a plant ^{of either} with perfect leaves. Interested with
 matters of this kind, I seemed to traverse the road, with
 its great lot of dust, quite rapidly and before long I was
 at Furnace Branch where conditions were more favorable.
 I stopped a moment at the spring before crossing the bridge
 and there gathered a few specimens of *Hydrocotyle verticillata*
 then hurried off towards the pond. A peculiar sharp-nosed
 eel-like fish about a foot long, here attracted my attention.
 It remained perfectly quiet for some time, then suddenly, as
 if aware of being watched, darted away with great rapidity.

Below into shore was lying a dead leech. It was lying on its back stretched out its full length. I was about to turn away from the shore when the delightful perfume of the water-lilies caused me to turn, to find them almost at my very feet. The same dipterous insect was again noticed entangled in its numerous stamens, but this time no great amount of nectar. Near the water-lilies grows the nice patch of *Marsilea quadrifolia*, said to have been transplanted there by students from the Hopkins*. I had not gone far when a turkey with a brood of ducklings attracted my attention. It seems strange that although the ducklings take so naturally to the water, they still remain close to their strange mother and do not go very far from shore, where she struts right at the water's edge. Let danger threaten and she utters her peculiar cry and they come flocking close to her. *Clethra alnifolia* is now almost in flower, its buds are quite large and an occasional one may be found showing color. I now came to the wide expanse of meadow. This portion is always pretty but particularly so in midsummer when the Rhodis comes into flower. To-day, the pipewort, *Eriocaulon*

decanulata predominates, the large white button-like flowers
 stuck on the end of a long wire-like stem giving the appearance
 as if an innumerable lot of ladies' hat-pins had been
 stuck up all over the meadow. Passing the old man's
 garden I was quite surprised at the appearance of his
 sweet-peas. Two weeks ago his little hedge was one
 mass of color - the plants were flowering profusely; to-day,
 instead, ^{there remained} the seered and dried-up vines. Along the
 paths the sweet golden-rod, *Solidago odora*, may now be
 found in flower; two weeks ago the buds showed only a faint
 tinge of color. I reached the camping-place on Saw Mill
 Branch about 12 o'clock; here, I packed my plants and ate
 my lunch. After dinner I went the usual route to Marby
 bridge. I crossed the bridge and in the wet meadow to the left
 quite near the stream I found *Petunia parviflora*. This plant
 was first found by me on the Canton ballast lots where it
 seemed to ek out a poor existence. But how came it
 here in this place? Here it seemed to be in its natural home
 and was growing quite profusely. I now took a little walk
 along the bank of the branch. In one place, right on the path,

grows a large patch of *Polygala lutea*, this I think the prettiest of this genus of plants, its large golden yellow heads are very showy. I took several specimens for the press. In ~~one~~^{another} place I found a solitary specimen of *Apocynum tuberosa*, it looked very pretty with its showy dark purple flowers. I now started for the Old Furnace, going the usual route through the woods, when near the inlet. Reaching the inlet, I took a view of the plants along the shore before crossing. Here I was surprised to find a plant entirely new to me, being very conspicuous. It proved to be *Samolus Valerandi* var. *Americana*, water pimpernel; later, when I crossed the inlet I found it also on the other side close to the edge of the stream, towards the Old Furnace. I crossed the inlet, the tide was very low, and before proceeding farther refreshed myself with a nice lot of blackberries, extraordinarily large and luscious. At the Old Furnace I found that several families had come with their teams to enjoy a day's outing. I did not remain long but started homeward. Close to the road near Newton's, I found several specimens of *Oxalis stricta*, of which I took two for my press. Going home-

ward the road seemed more disagreeable than during the morning, no doubt, due to the greater amount of travel. Whenever a team would pass great clouds of dust would rise from the ground. Before long I was almost or completely dust covered as the plants on the road-side. A walk of this kind is of all the most disagreeable, nor can it be said that those in the teams have it much better; how much more is a tramp during a day of rain to be preferred, the air then pure and cleansed of dust.

What a wise provision of nature that plants have the greater number of breathing pores on the under surface of their leaves, how soon they would be smothered if they were only on the upper surface. Water-plants, alone, and they run no risk of being smothered by dust, having them on their upper surface.

Near the blacksmith's I found a nice plant of *Melina officinalis*; this plant is only found occasionally, and when found seldom in great numbers. Two or three plants seem to be the greatest number ever seen. I reached Brooklyn in the course of an hour and a quarter; here I took the car and reached home about 5 o'clock.

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